CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

THE PAINTER'S SCARE-CROW.

BY C. P. CRANCH

Miss Arabelia Vandyke Brown
Had a small studio in the town,
Where, all the winter, blithe and gay,
she drew and painted day by day,
she covied not the rich. Her ari
And work made sunshine in her heart.
Upon her canvas, many a scene
Of summers past, in golden green
Was wrought sgain. The mow and rain
Peited upon her window-pase;
But she within her coay room
With joyous toll thepelled the gloom;
And, sometimes, in an undertone,
Sang to herself there, all alune.

But, when the spring and summer came. Her studio grew so dull and tame. She sought the rural solitudes. Of winding streams and shady woods; For painters' works contract a taint. Unless from nature's self-they paint.

Unless from nature's self-they paint.

So out Mies Arabella went,
To sketch from nature fully bent.
It was a lovely summer's day;
A levely scene before her lay;
Her folding stool and box she took,
And, seated in a quiet nock;
Her white umbrella o'er her head
Like a tall giant muchrosus spread),
Becan to paint, when, icl a noise
She heard. A troop of idle boys
Came flecking round her, rough and rude,
Some o'er her aboulders leaned; some shood
In front of her, and cried; "Paint me'—
My picter I should like to see."
Some langhed, same shouted, "What a set!"
Said Arabella, in a pet;
And no policeman within hall
To send these ruffian lupp to jail."
In fine, she could not work, so went
Straight höme ward in great discontent.
She had no brother to defend her,
Nor country cousin to attend her.

A plan occurred to her next day
To lose these idle scamps away.
An easel by her side she placed,
And over it she threw in havie
A hat and cost:—and there it stood
In hold and threatening attitude.
The rabble at a distance spied
The scare-crow standing by her side;
And, thicking 'twas the town police,
They left Miss A. V. Brown in peace. MUGGAL.

Sometimes, an innocent pretense Is the best means of self-defense, And if a scare-crow keeps the peace, What need to summon the police? -B. Nicholas

THE MAN-TRAP AT ASHDALE.

Footsteps were beard-a form dark ened the door-some one entered-but Mrs. Pratt did not look up, nor pause in her work. The sun had gone down, and twilight was gathering dimly, Mrs.
Pratt leaned closer to the window, that
she might catch the fading rays and a
little while longer continue her work.

"Well " Mrs. Pratt did not turn, nor look toward the speaker. Her voice was a low sad murmur.

'Sarah." The hand of the speaker now rested lightly on her shoulder.

With a quick movement, and with something so strange in his voice that the sound caused a thrill to some surprise in her manner, Mrs. Pratt turned herself from the window.

"O, Edward!" Her voice choked, and her eyes filled with tears. And Mr. Pratt seated him-Sarah. self beside his wife, placing his hand gently on hers as he did so, and looking earnestly and tenderly in her face. "Sarah, I have a little good news for you; if good news can come in just such a shape. Old Killigrew is dead."
"Dead!" Light and shadow were blended on the face of Mrs. Pratt. Death

is an awful thing, come in almost any shape it will; and in the case of a man like Killigrew, it was awful in the extreme. Yet, the intelligence caused a husband, flung her arms around him, throb of pleasure in the heart of Mrs. saying as she did so: "Let us go from

No wonder Mrs. Pratt was overcome by her feelings. Ten years before, as she stood beside her young husband, she stood beside her young husband, destruction are opening at your feet, she had the proudest, happiest heart in Come! Let us fee for our lives. Ashdale, Since then, alas! none was bumbled and grief stricken; for, in that bar, her loved and honored husband us so that we escape this evil." had trailed his manhood in the dust of debasing sensuality.

Than Edward Pratt, a kinder-hearted at happened to be usually bore him along; and even when conscious that it was gliding toward a dangerous sea, he opposed to it only a slight resistance. Very soon after their marriage Mrs. Pratt discovered in her husband a fondness for stimulating drinks. A prompt vet gentle and loving remonstrance ac complished all she had hoped to gain for a time. The dangerous tempter was

banished from their house. All would have been well, from that time forth, had not the tavern of old Killigrew, the only one in Ashdale, stood directly on the way along which Mr. Pratt daily went to the store where he was employed as a clerk. At dinner time, both in coming home

and returning to the store, he succeeded in getting past old Killgrew's "man-for me." trap" without being hailed by the Tears watchful landlord. But his good resolutions were not proof against the influences that assailed him in the evening. Later than usual he lingered at the store, in order to avoid the company of one or two young men who always stopped to drink at Killigrew's. He porch as he came along, and, having taken their cue from their landlord, who was keen-sighted enough to see what had been passing in the mind of Pratt, and feared to lose a customer, assailed him with influences that he had not strength of mind to resist. Just to "satisfy" them, as he said, he consented to drink a single glass. But that did not satisfy either them or the tavern keeper. A second glass was also forced upon him; then followed a third; which, purposely made stronger than usual, completed the overthrow of his

From that time the weak young man stopped almost daily at the tavern to drink. The temptation was in his way, and he had not sufficient strength of purpose to resist its allurement. was continued for months, until, under the gentle, yet often tearful solicitation of his wife, be again resolved to stand up firmly against the pressure of a cur-rent that was too steadily bearing him onward to the sea of destruction.

And so the work went on. There was a pitfall in Pratt's way, and ever and anon he stumbled therein. Ah! if the pitfall could only have been removed. "Why did not the people of Ashdale cause the pitfall to be closed up? Why did they not remove this man-trap?" They had no power to do so.

No power! You may look surprised, but it is even as we say. Killigrew had the law

The law!" Yes, for all you seem so incredulous The law of the State in which Ashdale was situated, provided, by special enact ment, for the digging of just such man-traps as the one mantained by Killi-grew. And any person, not having the love of man or the fear of God before his eyes, could, by the payment of a few dollars into the State treasury, obtain the right to make for himself such a

pitfall in any highway or street in any village, town, or city in the commo wealth.

But for this pitfall in his way all might have been well with Pratt; his feet were ever stumbling on its fatal brink. Steadily, for nearly ten years, had he been going down, down, down; and at the period when he came home sober, for the first time in many months, and announced to his wife the death of Killigrew, he was almost helpless in the power of his adversary. All manly strength was gone when the temptation was before bim.

Well might his sorrowing, despairing wife feel a thrill of pleasure in every heart fiber at the aunouncement of Killigrew's death. He had been doing an accursed work in Ashdale for years. Broadcast had he sown the seeds anguish and desolation; and in her heart and home had many of these seeds fallen, taking quick root, springing up and bearing bitter fruit. Nor did she attempt to stifle this pleasure as un-seemly, in view of the passage of a fellow mortal to his great account in eternity. She was glad the tavernkeeper was dead-so glad, it was useles

to affect concealment.

The promise of that hour did not prove vain. The tavern was closed, and Edward Pratt went daily to his business and returned home at evening a sober man. If, as was often the case, he felt a desire for stimulating drink, he quenched the desire in draughts of pure cold water. Yet, even as he passed the old tavern stand, around which soon waved fields of ripening grain—the ground ran to waste before—he felt a desire to enter. But there was no bar there now; so the morbid desire was fruitless of evil consequences.

Thus it went on for three years. that time not a drop of anything intoxicating had passed the lips of Edward Pratt. How striking the change in all around him. Wornout furniture was renewed; abundance of good clothing for the children as well as parents gave an air of thrift and comfort. Cheerful happy faces were seen, where before was sadness, pallor, want and tears.

Three years of sober industry! How in that short time, had the wildernes

been made to blossom as a rose! One day, about this time, Mr. Pratt came home with a serious countenance and a dejected air. His wife noticed the change, but said nothing at first-waiting until her husband should speak of what troubled him. He seemed to recover a little at the tea-table, and talked pleasantly; but, after supper withdrew to himself and sat most of the evening in deep thought, with his head resting bosom. Several times his wife whose anxious attention was removed scarcely for a moment, heard a low sigh escape his lips. A little while before retiring he said to her, speaking abruptly

Parker sold his place last week. "He did! To whom?" Mrs. Pratt spoke in a startled manner.

'To a man from Brookville, who is going to open the tavern again."

Where?" was responded, gloomily "O, anywhere. Death and eternal

"I have thought it all over, Sarah, replied the victim. "We cannot go anywhere and be free from the curse. man could not be found. But he had The law sanctions the evil, and under neither a decided will or strength of the protection of law it throws out its purpose. The current in which his life- allurements everywhere. O, that I were strong enough to resist. Heaven knows how earnestly I have sought to overcome this fatal desire; but, the moment I come within sight of the accursed tempter my whole being is inflamed. Reason is obscured-restraint grows weak-and I fall under the luring gaze

of a serpent.' what a night that was; spent watchfully in prayer and weeping-a night the anguish of which years would fail to cover with the dust of forgetfulness. Morning dawned at length. To one condemned to die it scarcely had broken more drearily.

"I will strive to be a man, Sarah. will look up for strength," said Mr. Pratt, as he pressed the hand of his wife and parted from her at the doer. " Pray

Tears were in his eyes as he turned away; and her cheeks were wet. The voice of Pratt was not confident. spoke rather to assure his wife than his own heart. He felt that he was too weak for his enemies.

And he was too weak. Evening brought him home with all his bright thought he had escaped them; but it manhood obscured. One short month was not so. They were in the tavern sufficed to do the work of ruin. Then his poor wife stood pale, tearless and broken-hearted above his grave! He fell so low that he made no effort to the again-and died in darkness and despair.

The poor widow was not long from his side; now his children's hone is the almshouse. The "man-trap" in Ash dale is open still. And for the privilege of scattering ruin and death around him the new owner pays the State fifty dollars a year; and the State takes the money with an eager hand, and seems to think her bargain a good one.

A Blundering Novel Writer. [Pioneer Press.] Hyjalmer Hjorth Boyesen, the would-

be novelist, who affects his whole name in print, is now wearying the readers of ribner's Monthly with a verbose story entitled "Falconberg," the scene at present a Norwegian settlement in Minnesota. On this account I have waded through the last chapters that have appeared and find the author's ignorance of Min-nesota only equaled by his strained and unnatural style. One of his characters, a resident of the village, is down with the ague; this in a State that never had a case of ague unless imported. He speaks of his hero "making his way through the deep reddish mud." I would like to know where he found red mud in our State? Then again, "The dead petals of peach and apple blossoms still covered the grass." "Walking out on the lawn to cut off the broken branch of a cherry tree." Our fariners raise immense crops of peaches and cherries, you know. "The air was thick with the odors of blooming locust and hawthorn." "In the leafy mbrace of two huge woodbines." Pow familiar the above are in our woods. H. H. B. had better "Go West" and learn about the country.

Horseback riding is now the favorite

Fables and Fabulists.

National Repository. First among them all come the tables of Æsop. What a world of controversy has been made over the Æsopic fables! Into that tangled discussion it is not proposed to enter. We would, however, digress to say that Æsop is not now believed to have been such a lump of defended. formity as certain biographers have stated; but that he was blessed with at least ordinary comeliness seems evident. Else why was he chosen for Crosus' ambassa for? Why, too, has no old author alluded to Asop's appearance unfavorably? Throughout Greece deformity was forbidden to be represented in the arts; the Thebans had even a statute imposing heavy penalties on the artist departing from this canon of taste. Yet Æsop's statue was by Lycippus, the first sculptor of his time; and Philostratus described a picture gallery, in which was a painting of Æsop, with a chorus of animals about him. He was there represented smiling, and looking towards the ground in a posture of thought. Some painter, like Dore, who has so well illustrated La Fontaine's fables, ought to reproduce this, and depict the tranquil archness and wit that should shine in the face of the great fabulist.

It seems settled that Fsop's fables have not come down to us in their original shape; many of his fables which are cited by old authors not being in our collection—as, for instance, the one mentioned by Bentley, that every man carries two sacks, one before, where he puts other men's faults, another behind

lated has been told to us. Doubtless, a corpse on the floor; but that little many were spoken on state or diplomatic grave has restrained my wife the same interviews, and were directly applicable to points then under dispute. We can faintly realize the effect of such a use of fable by imagining a diplomatic agent "Th—three years old," re of our time addressing another in that form. Think of dignified Mr. Adams putting the fable of the boys and the frogs to her Majesty's Foreign Secretary during the Alabama difficulties; or, if sadors allaying popular indignation in England by a neat apologue about the

The Asopic fables, like other literature that became current before it was committed to writing, are concise, the words are strictly in character, and the point never obscured by external embellishments. It would be difficult to find a better application of Lessing's been drinking. It was three years ago remark in any other branch of criticism, she died, but her voice rings in my ears "that it is the peculiar privilege of this hour the same as if I had left her antiquity neither to fall short in any at home. It's the same with the wife, matter nor to overdo it."

Assuming that the common collection of Assuming that the common collection of Esop's fables is correctly ascribed to him—not, of course, alluding to the many modern paraphrases—one easily detects a certain repetition of traits, or rather a tendency to run in ruts as to particular as the particular of the common collection door, thinking she heard Bertie's voice; and I never go in that she does not look at me with reproach for not having our dead darling on my arm."

"I've lost children," sighed the officer, as he turned his head away.

"Then you know how the wife treasured to the common collection of the collection of the common collection of the common collection of the common collection of the If a heavy blow had fallen on the poor woman she ceald not have sunk down more gloomily. If a death pang had entered her heart the groan from her lips could not have been more fraught with agony.

"He opens to morrow," said Pratt, in a boding voice.
"O, Edward!" The unhappy wife arose, and moved to the side of her husband, flung her arms around him, too, the modern Greeks came honestly

Kitty's Drolleries.

night she said, in her little prayer, "O God! bless my papa, and take care of him when he goes out in the night; for, although he carries a lantern, he can although he carries a lantern, he can not take care of himself as well as he can in the light." Having been troubled with unpleasant dreams the previous —we remember the first time she wore with unpleasant dreams the previous night, she offered this prayer one evening, "O God! take away all my bad thinks; and, if I have any thinks at all, let them be pleasant ones, so I shall have pleasant dreams."

One day, little Kitty took her lunch into the parlor to eat, which she was not allowed to do. Her mother, coming into the room soon after, said, "Why, Kitty, who made these crumbs on the carpet?" Kitty immediately replied, "God." "Why, Kitty, what do you mean?" said her mother. "You know you told me the other day that God made everything," was Kitty's answer.

At one time there was a lady visiting Kitty's mother who had false teeth. See Kitty's mother who had false teeth. Seeing her take them out one day, Kitty, with the greatest simplicity, asked Mrs. Morton, can you take out your tongue too?"

One evening, when there was a severe thunder shower, Kitty said, "Mamma, guess God is putting his little children to sleep, for I heard him pull out the trundle bed!"

One night Kitty had set up later than usual; and, when she went to bed, she did not feel inclined to say her prayers Her mother said, "Does my little Kitty want to go to bed without asking God to take care of her through the night?" Kitty replied, with a great deal of emphasis, "Well mamma, I did that the other night, and I lasted till morning." Kitty's aunt had been trying to teach her to repeat the beatitudes; and, one her to repeat the beatifudes; and, one uight, after Kitty had been so naughty as to require punishment, her aunt said to her, "Kitty, I have another verse to teach you to night; and I want you to remember it, and say it to me in the morning." So she taught her this: "The way of the transgressors is hard." In the worning the mid "Control of the said." hard." In the morning she said, "Can you repeat your verse, Kitty?" "Oh yes!" said she, and straightway com-menced, "Blessed are the transquesh-ors, for they shall be hard."

No Doubl About Custer's Remains.

A correspondent of the Troy Times noticing the declaration that Custer's remains were not brought East, writes to say: "Having been one of his men and belonging to his brother's company (C), and under Major Reno at the time of the fight, and being one that helped of the fight, and being one that helped to cover the boys and bury the officers. I would say that there could be no difficulty in finding his remains, for they were buried in this manner: We dug a grave of about four and a half feet deep, and then after they were covered up piled rocks on them and got a round piece of wood with a pith in it, dug out the pith and put a piece of paper with name of officerou it, and then filled up the hole with candle grease and drove it in the ground at the head of the grave, so there could be no difficulty in finding Custer's remains. But the boys were not buried at all -only covered—a little dirt thrown on them from each side of them, and I suppose their bones are strewn from one end of the prairie to the other." Bertie's Sunday Frock.

| Datroit Free Pres. | He was walking up Maycomb-street, peering in on the Italians, glancing into open windows at junk-buyers, and now and then entering allows. and then entering alleys to inspect

"What am I looking for?" he answered the policeman; "well, it may strike you as foolish, but I've been searching around for a whole month and I may have to keep it up for another. I'm looking for a rag-buyer. I'd know his rig if I should ever see it again, but I haven't the least idea where he lives or when I'll find him."

"Did he steal something from you" "N-no," was the hesitating reply. "Want him arrested for anything? "N-no." The officer was wondering what the

ause could be when the man said: "I feel a bit ashamed to tell you, but perhaps you wont laugh at me. You see I have old clothes on, and I don't look as if I had any cash to spare. I'm only a poor laboring man, renting a cottage up by the reservoir, and though I've only the old woman with me it's often that we barely have enough to eat. When there's plenty of work one of us is sure to fall sick, and when we are in health the wealth. health the world goes dead against us. It is a sort of a life and death struggle with us, and sometimes we sit in the darkness and wish we were dead and buried 'longside of our little Bertie, up in the poor foiks' share of Elmwood. That little grave up there is all that keeps us here—we cling to life that we him, where he puts his own. Esop, it is believed, did not write fables himself, but stood on the wharf many a time and told them as appropriate occasions arose: felt like going to death at one jump, but and they were collected in book form that grave rose up to warn me back. On my way home at night I've feared, time How some of the fables were first re-

"How old was she?" asked the officer.

"Th-three years old," man, "and she was the only child ever coming to bless us. We had luck enough before she died. I had work day in and day out; my wife was singing the whole day long, and when I started for home you will, suppose one of our later ambas- at night the knowledge that Bertie would be watching for me through the bars of the gate picked my feet up faster than anything ever has since.

"Well?" queried the officer, as the man paused.
"Well, she took sick and died. Assuming that the common collection door, thinking she heard Bertie's voice;

too, the modern Greeks came honestly by that unfavorable reputation for shrewd bargaining and for evasion of their debts which they are beginning to hold in commercial circles.

wealth of any man you can name. One day, about a month ago, a rag-buyer came along. You may think it funny, but even the poorest of the poor sometimes have rags to sell. Wife made up a bundle that day—enough to get a tin cup, or something of the kind—and in some way or other Bertie's frock—our Kitty's papa is a physician; and one up with the rags and papers and was ght she said, in her little prayer, "O sold and carried off. My wife has done A few weeks ago Father Ahern, of nothing but weep and lament since that day, and I've looked here and there and it-how proud she was-how we her walking-how much she looked like a rich man's child. That dress had more tear-stains than all the other relics, and though I have n't \$50 worth of furniture in the house, I'd give every stick of it and go into the street to find Bertie's Sunday frock. I don't expect to get it now. It has probably been

shipped to the paper-mill ere this, and we have lost it forever." "I'm sorry," said the policeman.
"And when I go home to-night,"
whispered the man, "wife will be standing at the gate, watching and hoping; and as far as she can see me she'll tell by my face that the search has not availed. I had rather lose a finger than meet her white face and reproachful look. I wish we were both dead!"

And with weary step and hopeless heart he dragged along, having such a mission as neither hope nor despair nor love brings to one in ten thousand.

A Noble Bandit.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, the new Governor of Cyprus, is being importuned by some sentimental people to release Katteridji Janni, known as "The Robin Hood of the Levant," and now confined in that island. His career, as described in that taland. His career, as described in the London Examiner, has been a romantic one: "When a young man, living in Smyrns, he fell in love with his master's daughter, planned an elopement, but was discovered in time by the father, who clapped his intended son-in-law into prison. Escaping, he turned bandit, and ruled the road be-tween Smyrna and Aleppo. Nobody would betray him. He never murdered nor allowed his followers to do it. But, like his Sherwood prototype, he was fond of easing fat, comfortable travelers of their purses, and liberally relieving the destitute with the proceeds. Hun dreds of portionless girls about to be married were, it is said, dowered by this romantic brigand. If Janni robbed, he did it like a gentleman. If he wanted to appropriate a supper for himself and starving companions, he would sit pa-tiently until his terrified hosts had first eaten theirs, and then depart quietly with the intimation that the latter might thenceforth travel the country without dread of interference, for that Katteridji Janni never forgot a kindness.' Wearied, perhaps, of this lawless life, he voluntarily surrendered, on the understanding that his punishment would be confined to exile in Cyprus."

A little girl, whose father went out as chaplain in our late war, prayed for him one night in this way: "Dear God, bless my papa, and do not let him die; but, if he is sick, you needn't be troubled, because he has got Hall's Journal of Health!" Did Dr. Hall ever have a better recommendation that ?- Oliver Optic.

WHEN "grim-visaged war had noothed his wrinkled front," did he iron out his shirt-bosom ?

A Fishing Elephant.

The Christian Union publishes several anecdotes of elephants, translated from the book of a Frenchman who traveled in India. One of the stories tells how an old elephant had the charge of the children of an English officer, Major Skinner. Soupramany (the elephant's name) used to take the children fishing.

The Frenchman, curious to see how the light of the children fishing. The Frenchman, curious to see how the big guardian would manage, followed him and his charge one day. What he saw he thus tells:

were ordinarily noisy and boisterous now quiet and silent. As we approached near them, I saw that each child held his rod and line, watching with anxious eyes the cork that denote the stimut to go on.

"Yes,"
you're all you're all the rod and line, watching with anxious eyes the cork that denote he dedy, as if an inventant each child held here. if an important capture had been

At one side, old Soupramany, his trunk furnished with an immensely long bamboo, to the end of which was attached to the ordinary apparatus of line, floater, hook and bait, stood motionless as a block of granite, waiting patiently for a bite.

Not more than two minutes had elapsed after our arrival when Soupramany's floater began to shake. The elephant did not budge; his little flery eye followed with covetousness every move-ment of the cork on the water; he was certainly no novice in the art of angling he awaited the right moment.
All at once the little floater, making

sudden movement as if to plunge into the water Soupramany drew out the line with all the skill of a consummate fisher. At the end of it dangled one of those magnificent golden tenches of the Ganges. When Soupramany discovered the capture he had made, he immediately

tle and coaxing as he could.

Seeing that all his efforts were in vain-Jim, the while, smiling mischievously and never moving-Soupramany went close to him, and with his trunk tried to push him gently toward the

But when he saw that Jim would not or could not be made to understand, he turned around, and seeing us, a sudden idea seemed to strike him, and picking up the box of bait with his trunk, he came and placed it at the feet of the

tender and melodious sounds he had made for Jim. I baited his hook for him. Trembling with joy, like a baby that has its plaything restored, Soupramany hardly took time to thank me with a tender grunt, but at once resumed his place, with line cast into the river.

The Seemingly Miraculous Recovery of a Pious Maiden.

Miss Anna Aberhard, of Oregon street, had been confined to her bed for three years, and during the last three months has been failing rapidly. She months has been failing rapidly. She is about twenty-two years of age, of neat appearance and good demeanor, and has many warm friends in the neighborhood, who watched the progress of her disease with anxiety. She was attended by Drs. Miltenberger, Milholland, Spicer, and other physicians, without appearing to experience any permanent.

St. Peter's, was called in, and administered the last sacraments of the Catholic Church to the suffering and dying girl. After the solemn ceremony the reverend father, moved by her piety and patience, suggested to her to make a novema to St. Vincent and St. Peter, and to pray for the Lord to restore her to health. On St. Peter's day Father Ahern celebrated mass for her, and a number of her friends piously assisted with their prayers, the girl also appealing to the Lord to restore her health

As though in answer to the suplica-tion in her behalf, her health improved, she was soon able to leave her bed, and on Saturday last all traces of the disease, except those left by the long and tedious confinement to a bed of pain, had disappeared. She had for some time experienced some debility, which, however, day by day was diminishing, and she is now able to attend to her usual domestic avocations. She is a regular attendant at the seven o'clock mass at St. Peter's Church. While her health seems to be permanently restored, neither she or her friends claim her recovery as a miracle. Their explanaanswers the prayers of those who earn estly supplicate Him for blessings, and that He in His divine mercy heard her prayer and the supplications of her friends, and restored her to health.

" Baby's Grave." There was a baby funeral in Mount Elliott Cemetery, says an exchange. There were but three mourners—the father and mother and a little girl—in attendance, but they wept abundantly, and appeared to concentrate in them-selves more sorrow than usually appears in more pretentious funeral pageants. The little common black coffin, holding so much of what was infinitely precious to these poor people—they were Bavar-ians, evidently, and not long from father-land—was committed to the earth, and the sexton commenced to shovel in the dirt upon the form it took so little to cover. Suddenly the mother threw something into the grave which fell with a jingle, and she turned away, sobbing as if her heart would break. A News reporter, who happened to be present, looked into the grave, and saw a little tin rattle. Perhaps it was the only toy the dead infant had ever had, and the mother, moved by the same instinct which prompts the Indians to bury all the weapons and implements of their warrior dead in their tombs, threw that toy into the grave of her babe, to accompany it to the spirit-land.

English steel pens are almost entirely made by women. In 1820-21 the first gross of ' three-slit' steel pens was sold wholesale at £7 is, the gross. In 1836 they had fallen to 8s., and in 1832 to 6s. the gross. A better article is now sold at 6d. per gross.

no fear, but in conquering fear. He is the hero who, seeing the lions on either side, goes straight on, because in that direction his duty lies.

had a pretty good thing, if I can remember it and get it into shape. It's kind of crude, as yet you know, but there's plaguey good material in it."

We mentally added one more tiger to the estimate in the bill, and asked him to go of the common to go of the can be shaped.

"Yes," he said, "I will. I know you're always glad to get such things A-a-erah-a-a-why is-a-yeu know Grant's travelin' in Europe?" We reinforced the menagerie one

more tiger, very wild and very hungry and modded.

"Well;" he said, "Mrs. Grant is with him, you know, and—and about this Cassarism business, you know—a—a—why when a man meats Ganeral Grant. why, when a man meets General Grant, does he become at once convinced of the —a—a—threaten the republic in case

of his re-election?" We prepared to unlosen all the ani-

mals at once, and said it was too deep for us. And indeed it was. "Well," Mr. Posonby said, gasping painfully, "because nearly every time he looks at him, he—a—a—he—he sees her, Mrs. Grant, you know-you'll have to fix that in smoothly some way, you know how; every time he looks at Grant, he sees her with him. Ha, ha, ha! Sees her with him! See! sees her, seeher, Casar, with him, with'im, seeher

with im sees her, Cas "But merciful Heaven had kindly stricken us with painless unconscious-ness, and when we recovered we were alone, and the distant echoes of Mr. squealed as a sign of joy, and waited for Jim, the eldest of the children, to take off the fish and rebait his hook. But Jim was a mischievous boy, and loved dearly to tease the elephant, so he ran and took off the fish, but put no new bait on the hook.

Squealed as a sign of joy, and waited for Posonby's retreating ha, ha, ha's sounded pleasantly in our ears, like the crunching of human bones by the mangling jaws of fierce and hungry beasts, and and we closed our eyes and leaned back in a pleasant dream, as thanks in a pleasant dream. bait on the hook.

The intelligent animal did no even try to put his line again into the water, but began to utter a series of cries, or squeals, to Jim, which he made as genture.

Teally owned all the tigers we had prayed for, and had let them fooss at exactly the right moment. The world is full of squeals, to Jim, which he made as genture.

"He'd Been Dar Befo'."

was driving a mule attached to a dray along Pratt-street, Baltimore, when near Light accidentally dropped his hat di-rectly behind the heels of the animal. The mule was tall and gaunt like its owner and was the possessor of two mammoth ears that lizzly flapped to and fro as he walked. The negro, instead of adopting the simple expedient of drivmajor; then, returning, he gathered up his line and held it out to his master.

Immediately the animal began to beat with his feet, and to make anew the tender and melodious sounds he had slowly stretched out for his head covering. The mule quietly whatched his mo-tions until his hand was within a few few inches of the hat, when the tall ears dropped and the hind leg of the animal was launched viciously at the darkey. The latter, evidently made wise by experience, at the first motion of the ears prostrated himself on t' ground and the flying hoof passed over him without injury. A crowd had collected and were watching the scene with interest, and to them the negro, after picking himself up, exclaimed, with evident enjoyment: "Yah! Yah! No he didn't. I'se been dar befo'." While speaking he turned his back on the mule and unconsciously approached the dangerous hindquarters. of the animal. The ears before men-tioned again fell, and the next instant the jubilent negro was rolling over in the gutter, howling with pain, amid roars of laughter from the crowd. Jumping up, the man made a wide circuit around the dray, clambered on by the rear, and seating himself with great tenderness, which, however, did not prevent his mak-ing a grimace of pain, he drove rapidly off, lashing the mule with a heavy cart whip.

Sardine Fisheries

The sardine fisheries have supported many families for generations. The chief supply originally came from Sardinia, whence they take their name, but for a long time they were mainly caught on the coast of Brittany. Sardines are unusually abundant in French waters this season, and the catch will be larger than in any previous year. A sardine fleet consists of vessels from eight to ten tons each, with a crew of from six to twelve persons, and goes six to nine miles from land. The bait, consisting of eggs and fish, cut up, is scattered on the water. The cardines are taken with gill nets. A few are salted on board, but the bulk are carried on shore. Their heads are cut off, and they are washed and sprinkled with salt. After drying, they are arranged in frames, in almost perpendicular rows, and immersed again and again in the best boiling olive oil. When sufficiently cured they are packed in small tin boxes by women and children; after which men fill the boxes up with fresh all and solder them tight. The work is oil and solder them tight. The work is not complete, however, for before fit for the table the fish require cooking. To this end they are placed in a covered kettle and boiled from balf an hour to an hour, according to their size. After drying, labeling, and placing in wooden cases they are ready for shipment. The American sardine, or menhaden, is taken in large quantities on the coast of New Jersey, and put up in oil.

Disinfecting Foul Places.

The Boston Scientific News calls attention to the importance at this season of getting rid of all vile smells about dwellgetting rid of all vile smells about dwellings, and makes this practical suggestion. The article commonly used to disinfect foul places is chieride of lime, but in reality it is not of much value. It may, and generally does remove bad smells, but the cause still remains, as the chloride simply destroys the gaseous emanations. The much-advertised disinfectants are usually catchpenny nostrums and are unworthy of notice. One of the very best known disinfectants is trums and are unworthy of notice. One of the very best known disinfectants is old-fashioned "copperas," or sulphate of iron, which can be had very cheap. A barrel of copperas would weigh probably three hundred pounds, and can be purchased at wholesale price at a cent and a half per pound. And every family ought, especially is warm weather, to have a supply of it on hand. A couple of handfuls of copperas thrown into a bucket of water will soon dissolve, and it can then be used freely, and is a valuable disinfectant. The best plan is to fill a half barrel or keg with water and suspend within it a moderate sized backet full of copperas. In this way it dissolves more rapidly than when thrown to the bottom of the wooden vessel, and thus a supply is always at hand ready for use.

If a lady runs against you in the street, apologize. She expects it. It is the custom of the country.

To pardon those absurdities in our selves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

WATER THE SUBSET

BY M. S. P

While the sumst light was deepening In the calin, gray, western sky, His young life was fuling awithly; Ere the night fell, he must die.

And I stood beside him saily, His dear hand within mine own, Where so often it had rested, In the days forever flown.

Twilight shadows gray were lengthening, Round us as we walted there. With the dying gold of sunset Gleaning on his dear frown hair,

And across his brow so loyieb, Whiter than the drifted snow; Then it centered all its brightnes In his deep eyes dying glow.

As to mine once more he raised them.
With one last, fond litgering glance.
Then the shadows closed around in
In their weird and ghostly dance.

When the sunset light had faded From the calm, gray, clouded west, He had gone from earth forever, He had sunk to endless rest

At the coming of the nightfall
All the earth in darkness lay,
So the glory and the brightness
From my life had passed away.

WAIPS AND WRIMS.

COFFEE has been successfully grown ICE CREAM from buttermilk is an Ala-

bama achievement AMERICA took the prize for paper at the Paris Exposition. PAWNBROKERS are beginning to take

bathing suits .- Mail. THE introduction of the whipping-post s mooted in Alabama.

PRINCESS BEATRICE, of England studies the harmonium. MILLIONS of our fellow creatures shave with stone razors.

THE United States Supreme Court was established in 1789. AN ex-spurt. A dilapidated public fountain.—New York News.

A rook horseback-rider always has an eye to the mane chance. LONDON possesses nine cemeteries, with a total of 2,225 acres. A BASS was caught in the Schuylkill

which had a rat inside of it. A MEANS for making clothing fire proof has been made a success. A tall, gaunt, gray-haired negro, who LAPLANDERS can travel a bundred miles a day with a pair of deer.

Miss Braddon acknowledges the authorship of thirty-three novels. THE first locomotive in America was put in operation August 28, 1830. RAILBOADS carry three million pas-sengers safely where they kill one. WHY is the letter "I" never too late?-Because it is always in time.

THE Graphic thinks Beaconsfield has left too little Turkey for the Greece. WHAT insect does a blacksmith manufacture? He makes the fire-fly. WATCHES are like trouble. They never come single-handed.—Acts York News.

A DULUTH CITY ordinance speaks of any cow of either sex." A bull there, certainly. In Turkey, as much as two thousand dollars have been paid for an amber

mouth piece. LET there be an end to the palpable fasehood that figures won't 11g .- New Haven Register.

THERE were one hundred miles of tunnel in Great Britain in 1877, which east about \$50,000,000. BLACK velvet slippers, perfectly plain,

are said to be the truly correct thing for gentlemen's indoor wear. Mr. Rony has absconded from Montreal because he was fearfully in debt, and nobody would let Rory owe more.

In 1805 there was but one man in this country who could make drawing for cotton machinery; his name was

The Turks are the most courteous people on earth, and never take the wrong hat off the hat-rack .- Breakfast

Mr. Spurgeon says that "open-air preachers should not bawl themselves to death;" but we are not able to see it in that light .- Graphic. It is a question worthy of careful

investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken is not all the more competent to sing " pieces. A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether, considering the great utility of

the ocean, poets are not wrong in call-ing it a "waste of water." THE Four Counties, a paper published in Texas, heads one of its columns with

this pertinent query: "Is this your paper, or a borrowed one?" WHAT is the difference between a lawstationer and his clerk? While the latter merely engrosses the deeds, the former engrosses the profits.

WHAT is the difference between a poor gan and a masquerade costume?— One is fired and doesn't hit, and the other is hired and doesn't fit.

If you want to have a man for your friend, never get the ill-will of his wife. Public opinion is made up of the average prejudice of womankind.

ONE of the results of a recent tem-perance revival in Iowa is the sale of over twenty miles of blue ribbon to adorn 233,000 signers of the pledge. "AN antiquarian has unearthed the fact that yellow fever prevailed in New London, Ct., in September and October, 1798. There were 351 cases and 81 deaths.

"THE single-scull race!" exclaimed an old lady, as she laid down the morning paper. "My gracious! I didn't know there was a race with a double skull!"

Dr. Davis, of Johnson County, Iowa recently shot a neighbor three times without killing him. What nonsense! He should have given the man a pre-

O'CONNELL was as bitter on Peel as upon Disraeli. Alluding to Sir Robert's blandness, he said that the right honorable baronet's smile was like the silver plate on a coffin.

An Arab horse maxim says: "Ob-serve your horse when he is drinking at a brook. If in bringing down his head he remain square, without bending his he remain square, without bending his limbs, he possesses sterling qualities, and all parts of his body are built symmetrically. Four things he must have broad—front, chest, loins, and limbs; four things long—neck, breast, fore-arm and croup; and four thing short—pasterns, back, ears and tail."

Ir we have said anything against the Cincinnati Red-legs that we are sorry for, we take it back. They have made a brilliant struggle for the lead against that splendid club of Harry Wright's, the Bostons, no matter who wins.